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## BEGGING.

PERHAPS no social feature of our country has been more changed since George III. was king, than that of begging. In my early days, this profession was practised only by a humble set of people, generally old and disabled: some went on crutches, some sailed along in things like bowls, a small select number were carried on from door to door in hand-barrows—and a precious set of tyrannical old men of the sea these were by the way, for, if a servant grumbled at their weight, or stopped too long to rest from it, they never scrupled to make hearty use of both tongue and stick; nor were they ever known to give any thanks for the trouble taken with them. There were, indeed, a very few of a respectable sort of beggars, who came half as volunteer guests, and were of such delicacy and propriety of behaviour, that they frequently sat with the master and mistress. Generally, however, the beggars of former days were a poor, humble, and despicable sort of people, trusting to their very wretchedness for a means of exciting the compassion of the public. Now, when everything has been so much improved, begging has been improved too, only in a far greater degree than anything else. In fact, begging has taken its place amongst the political and economic arrangements of our land. The greatest people resort to it, and the most wonderful things are done by it.

It is very remarkable how a science of such capabilities should have been allowed to slumber so long in an undeveloped state amongst the mere outcasts of society. Some one has remarked of printing, that it remained as Guttenberg made it for the first four centuries, but then took a sudden start, and went through a series of splendid improvements, terminating in the four-cylinder machine, all in the short space of thirty years. Somewhat similar has been the history of begging—a poor unswelling employment for the first six thousand years of the world's history, but at length expanded to one of magnificent system and detail in the course of about half an ordinary lifetime. Both facts form striking proofs of the dormitive condition of the human mind down to a recent period. Men dreamed long ago. They are now awake. There lies the difference. It would be absurd, however, to suppose that begging is even yet a perfect science, or one generally understood. It is going on well, but it is not at all what it might be made in the hands of thoroughly skilled and active men, women, and young ladies; and there is a vast portion of society who know as little of it as they do of printing. With a view to promote the advance of the science, I beg to submit a few of its fundamental principles to general consideration.

The first great principle concerned in begging is, that there has always a chance of obtaining a thing by seeking

it. Few things fall swoop into one's mouth like Beau Tibbs's friends. Most things require to be asked for, sought for, or grasped at; but when this trouble is taken about them, they are very apt to be got. So truly is this the case, that, theoretically speaking, there is scarcely anything in this world which may not be had for the asking—that is to say, had in some sort of way or degree—the sleeve, if not the gown. Many rebuffs, many failures, much grumbling and groaning, may be encountered in the course of the requisition; but some share of success will also be sure to accrue. The world, let my readers depend upon it, is divided among those who seek it. Nor is it, after all, difficult to see how this should be. First, the seeker is the man ready to take: he catches what occurs; while others, not on the outlook, let things pass. Then it is far more pleasant for any one who has, to give to one who seeks, than to one who does not seek, for it is surer of being appreciated, and is always getting quit of a trouble in the person of the petitioner. Modest merit, sitting quietly behind backs, ought no doubt to be encouraged: everybody owns that; but then modest merit *can* wait, and does not get angry for being put off a little longer. So e'en let the pestilent fellow have what he wants, and be done with him. And thus he takes the spoils of fortune, whose only claim upon them is his making his claim so pertinaciously, while simple worth sits quietly by, with only the empty reward of good opinion.

A second great principle is the habit of the courtesies of society. An honest unthinking gentleman, who pays his bills, reads the newspapers every day, goes occasionally out to dinner, and performs in a decentish way all the other duties of a respectable person, is informed in his dressing-room, between ten and eleven one morning, that two ladies have called for him, and are sitting in the parlour. As soon as he can get himself properly trimmed, he goes down to see them, and finds two very gentleman-like persons in possession of his two arm-chairs. They rise at his entrance—he greets them, and desires them to be seated. The beauty of the morning, and the unpleasantness of the weather of Thursday last week, are fully admitted on both sides. He thinks they may be wishing to inquire respecting the character of a servant, or something of a similar nature: no matter, he is by habit a gentleman, and of course converses civilly. At length, after a few remarks on miscellaneous subjects, one of them draws forth a book from her muff or reticule, and, addressing him on the merits of a scheme for furnishing shoes and stockings to the women of the Blackfeet Indians, begs he will have the goodness to subscribe to it. Now really, he thinks, this is a most preposterous affair; but, on the other hand, these poor ladies have no personal interest in it; on the contrary, under the pure influence of charitable feelings, they are taking a great deal of trouble, and exposing themselves

to many collisions of a disagreeable nature, in order to promote an end which they think good. He cannot, then, but still treat them kindly, however annoying he may think their application. He therefore enters into an amicable argument with them, and, in the politest terms, endeavours to excuse himself from a subscription. There are feet requiring shoes and stockings nearer home. He has so many things to subscribe for—only yesterday, he put down his name for a sovereign to the three burnt-out families. He really cannot afford much in these days of reduced interest. He had a monument last week—has just himself been getting up a testimonial for a friend—and is looking for the soup-kitchen every day. How can he be expected in these circumstances to disburse for the female Blackfeet? Well, they hear his objections, but they never appear one whit affected by them; for always, after allowing that what he says is true, they immediately glide back to the matter of their book, and at him again. At length, it becomes a fair matter of calculation. A crown buys him off genteelly. The alternative is coming to a harsh or rude point with these fair petitioners. Being a man of courtesy, he prefers keeping up his usual tone with them, strangers as they are; and so he twitches out his five shillings with the best grace he may. They then rise to take leave; he sees them to the door; good morning on both sides—all ends well. The Blackfeet women get the shoes and stockings, and the gentleman has preserved his self-respect. The whole affair shows, in a forcible manner, the importance of good genteel appearances in begging. A really poor object—half fed, half clad, half sarkit (to use Burns's vigorous words)—gets only a copper, though he would require at least three or four to purchase him a supper and bed, and keep him off the streets for the night. But two well-dressed ladies are quite another thing, albeit their object be one almost vanishing beyond the horizon of human sympathies. With them polite observances must be kept up, while a growl is but a proper accompaniment to the copper. In this respect, begging is like business in general. The bare-footed waitress of a wayside ale-house is well rewarded with a penny; but the elegantly-dressed attendant of a first-rate hotel would be underpaid with a shilling. The dress and address in these matters is everything—and this brings us to the

Third principle, which is simply that faculty of our sentimental system called love of approbation, or desire of standing well with our neighbours. People in general do not like to be thought shabby, or even suspected of shabbiness; therefore they give. They like to see their names in a respectable subscription list, and that for a respectable sum; and therefore they give, and that liberally in comparison with their means. The application is always felt as a thing involving two interests—first that of the object of the application, second and chief, the personal feelings of the party applied to. What will be expected of me? What will look fair as my donation? These are questions asked almost before the necessity of the case is thought of. Even Byron, with all his enthusiasm for that Greece in whose cause he lost his life, wrote to a friend that, with regard to the Philhellenic subscription, he did not think he could get off under four thousand pounds. There are, indeed, some of a sufficiently stoical constitution to be able to resist all such weak impulses: these are the men who 'never give—upon principle'; but, like the wise in all ages, they are but a limited exception to a great rule. You are tolerably sure of a man when you can bring him under the compulsion of his wish to stand well with the world, or even the individual applicant.

Lastly, there is such a thing as a favourable disposition to particular objects calling for contributions. Each man has some bent or prejudice on behalf of which he will yield cash, when the application is properly made. Every man may be said to have his mendicable side—call it his weak one or not as you choose. Some are tender of heart towards widows and orphans; others delight in local improvements, and will subscribe for pieces of new

causewaying, when their hearts would be found already paved if attacked on any softer subject. Oppressed patriots interest some: they will bleed for nobody who has not been tried for his life, or suffered at least a year's imprisonment. It is necessary for a petitioner to know the parties who have predilections in behalf of the matter in question; for if he were to speak of widows and children to a patriot, or of captive martyrs to a man who only delights in getting streets widened, and pavement laid down where no pavement was before, or only a bad pavement, he would probably be wasting his charms upon the deaf adder. On the contrary, when he assails the proper persons, all is easy and smooth, and he accomplishes his task in a surprisingly short space of time. Not that he should be scrupulous in addressing only favourably-disposed parties, if there be any need to go further; for even amongst the disaffected, he has always the first three principles to come and go upon, and possibly upon one of these he may strike down his bird; but it certainly is true, that it is by far the kindest work when you have the prepossessions of the party in accordance with your object. It is taking things with the grain.

By favour of one or other of these principles, or of all together, it is wonderful how potent a thing is begging. Few persons have as yet the faintest idea of it; it is a Great Power known only to, and practised by, some scattered individuals, who themselves, notwithstanding their success, are perhaps not fully aware of the virtue which resides in it. I almost fear to go farther in developing the philosophy of this great subject, like the wife of Sawney Bean, the Forfarshire cannibal, who said that if people were generally aware of the delicious nature of human flesh, they would all wish to eat of it, and of nothing else. It seems much to be apprehended that, the puissance of the Mendicatory Principle becoming better known, we shall find more persons taking advantage of it, and the world made almost intolerable for quiet people. But again I consider that perhaps the time for such fears is past, and the only hope for those who at present do not beg is to begin to beg too. It seems as if we must all become beggars together, merely to stand on equal terms with our neighbours. On this ground, it cannot be anything but right and proper that the principles of mendicancy should be generally understood, as by no other means can any one cope with and defend himself from those around him. And, clearly, when once it comes to a fair stand-up fight of box against box, book against book, we may all expect to be comfortable once more. A man will then take his subscription paper with him when he walks out, as he takes his umbrella or great-coat, or as gentlemen long ago took a pistol or bludgeon in their pockets. It will be his *decus et tutamen*, at once his safety and his distinction. Young ladies in bonnets and veils, cruising about with book in muff for money to furnish school-books to the slave children of South Carolina, will come to know that such and such a gentleman has one for a silver cup to the chairman of the county committee for the fox hounds, and will give him a wide berth accordingly. People will come to have a respectful dread of each other's ruled-paper blunderbusses, and none will then become prey but the silly fools who have not the sense, or won't take the trouble, to keep weapons offensive and defensive of the like nature.

Viewing the matter in this light, I believe I am doing nothing but good service to mankind in impressing upon them the great power of begging, and instilling into them a knowledge of its fundamental principles. They may be assured that it is a science as yet only in its infancy. Thirty years ago, it thought of nothing above copper. It afterwards rose through silver to bank notes. Now it collects its hundreds and thousands, or occasionally, by way of a great stroke of work, its hundreds of thousands. Once it was a solitary ragged vagrant; then it became a single lady or gentleman; now it is a regiment. But begging may yet be an occupation for an army, a crusade, and for hundreds

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of thousands it may yet gather its millions. Only organise a proper force, and it might rival taxation in its results. There may yet be a central office in London for a mendicatory mission which overspreads the world, collecting alike from the Esquimaux and the Terra del Fuegians, the Japanese and the Kafirs. The way is clearly open for these and other such operations, for man is not only a begging, but a beggable animal. He is formed by nature to give to him who strenuously seeks; to give for the sake of fair reputation, and for the sake of doing good. He therefore lies fairly exposed to the Begging Power, ready to yield it the richest crops whenever the proper means are taken, just like a field which has as yet been in a state of nature, but could give seventy tons of turnips per acre if properly tilled and drilled. Some inconvenience may be experienced by individuals while things are going on to this pass, for some will naturally be less ready than others to take up the new weapons; but at length all will be fully armed and accoutred, and of course on a perfect equality in point of mendicatory redoubtability; so that no one will have anything to complain of beyond his neighbours, while the funds so realised will be producing effects of a kind heretofore undreamt of by the general interests of mankind.

## LEGENDS RESPECTING TREES.

### SECOND ARTICLE.

Our former selection of legends from Loudon's 'Arboretum' concluded with a quotation from an old Christmas carol in praise of holly, assigning to it a chief place in the hall, while ivy is made to stand without door, being 'full sore a-cold.' This suggests, as an appropriate beginning for our present gleanings, the mythological allusions to the latter evergreen.

The *Ivy* was dedicated by the ancients to Bacchus, whose statues are generally found crowned with a wreath of its leaves; and, as the favourite plant of the god of wine, its praises have been sung by almost all poets, whether ancient or modern. Many reasons have been given for the consecration to Bacchus of this plant. Some poets say that it was because the ivy has the effect of dissipating the fumes of wine; others, because it was once his favourite youth Cissus; and others, because it is said that the ivy, if planted in vineyards, will destroy the vines, and that it was thus doing an acceptable service to that plant to tear it up, and wreath it into chaplets and garlands. The most probable, however, seems to be, that the ivy is found at Nyssa, the reputed birthplace of Bacchus, and in no other part of India. The ancient Greek priests presented a wreath of ivy to newly-married persons, as a symbol of the closeness of the tie which ought to bind them together; and Ptolemy Philopater, king of Egypt, ordered all the Jews, who would abjure their religion, and attach themselves to the superstitions of his country, to be branded with an ivy leaf. The ivy is symbolical of friendship, from the closeness of its adherence to the trees on which it has once fixed itself; hence, also, it has become a favourite device for seals—some of the best of which are, a sprig of ivy with the motto, 'I die where I attach myself'; and a fallen tree still covered with ivy, with the words, 'Even ruin cannot separate us.' Ivy is the badge of the clan Gordon.

The *Jasmine* is no less celebrated for the delicacy of its odour and flowers, than for the pretty love legend connected with its European history. The custom which prevails in some countries, of brides wearing jasmine flowers in their hair, is said to have arisen from the following circumstance:—A grand-duke of Tuscany had, in 1699, a plant of the deliciously-scented jasmine of Persia, which he was so careful of, that he would not suffer it to be propagated. His gardener, however, being in love with a peasant girl in the neighbourhood, gave her a sprig of this choice plant on her birthday; and he having taught her how to make cuttings, she planted

the sprig as a memorial of his affection. It grew rapidly, and every one who saw it, admiring its beauty and sweetness, wished to have a plant of it. These the girl supplied from cuttings, and sold them so well, as to obtain enough of money to enable her to marry her lover. The young girls of Tuscany, in remembrance of this adventure, always deck themselves on their wedding-day with a nosegay of jasmine; and they have a proverb, 'that she who is worthy to wear a nosegay of jasmine, is as good as a fortune to her husband.'

The *Mountain Ash* has long been considered in Britain as a sovereign preservative against witchcraft. Light-foot, in his *Flora Scotica*, observes, 'It is probable that this tree was in high esteem with the Druids; for it may to this day be seen growing more frequently than any other in the neighbourhood of those Druidical circles so often seen in the north of Britain; and the superstitions still continue to retain a great veneration for it, which was undoubtedly handed down to them from early antiquity. They believe that a small part of this tree, carried about them, will prove a sovereign charm against all the dire effects of enchantment and witchcraft. Their cattle, also, as well as themselves, are preserved by it from evil; for the dairymaid will not forget to drive them to the shealings, or to the summer pastures, with a rod of the rowan-tree, which she carefully lays up over the door of the sheal-booth, or summer-house, and drives them home again with the same. In Strathspey, they make on the first of May a hoop with the wood of this tree, and in the evening and morning cause the sheep and lambs to pass through it.' This superstitious belief was recently, or is still, prevalent in Wales and the north of England; and the compiler of this article has seen, within the last ten years, a bundle of rowan-tree rods wrapped round with red thread, and placed over the door of a Lowland cottager's byre, on the ground that

Rowan-tree and red thread  
Put the witches from their speed.

It is remarkable that nearly the same belief should exist also in India. 'I was amused and surprised,' says Bishop Heber, 'to find the superstition which in England and Scotland attaches to the rowan tree, here applied to a tree of similar form. Which nation has been in this case the imitator? or from what common centre are all these notions derived?'

The *Myrtle* was an especial favourite among the ancients, by whom it was held sacred to Venus. The name is said to have been taken from that of Myrsine, an Athenian maiden, a favourite of Minerva, who, suffering love to overpower her wisdom, was changed into a myrtle by her offended mistress, and taken pity on by Venus. Others say that Venus, when she first sprang from the bosom of the sea, had a wreath of myrtle round her head. The temples of this goddess were always surrounded by groves of myrtle; and in Greece she was adored under the name of Myrtilla. Pliny says that the Romans and Sabines, when they were reconciled, laid down their arms under a myrtle tree, and purified themselves with its boughs. Wreaths of myrtle were the symbols of authority worn by the Athenian magistrates; and sprigs of it were entwined with the laurel wreaths worn by those conquerors, during their triumphs, who had gained a victory without bloodshed.

The *Rose* has been a favourite subject with the poets in all countries and in all ages; and in mythological allusions it is equally fertile. It was dedicated by the Greeks to Aurora, as an emblem of youth, from its freshness and reviving fragrance; and to Cupid, as an emblem of fugacity and danger, from the fleeting nature of its charms, and the wounds inflicted by its thorns. It was given by Cupid to Harpocrates, the god of silence, as a bribe to prevent him from betraying the amours of Venus; hence it was adopted as symbolical of silence. The rose was, for this reason, frequently sculptured on the ceilings of drinking and feasting rooms, as a warning to the guests, that what was said

in moments of conviviality should not be repeated; from which what was intended to be kept secret was said to be told 'under the rose.' The Greek poets say that the rose was originally white, but that it was changed to red—according to some, from the blood of Venus, who lacerated her feet with its thorns when rushing to the aid of Adonis, and according to others, from the blood of Adonis himself. The fragrance of the rose is said by the poets to be derived from a cup of nectar thrown over it by Cupid; and its thorns to be the stings of the bees with which the arc of his bow was strung. Another fable relating to the birth of the rose is, that Flora, having found the dead body of one of her favourite nymphs, whose beauty could only be equalled by her virtue, implored the assistance of all the gods and goddesses to aid her in changing it into a flower which all others should acknowledge to be their queen. Apollo lent the vivifying power of his beams, Bacchus bathed it in nectar, Vertumnus gave its perfume, Pomona its fruit, and Flora herself its diadem of flowers. A beetle is often represented, on antique gems, as expiring surrounded by roses; and this is supposed to be an emblem of a man enervated by luxury—the beetle being said to have such an antipathy to roses, that the smell of them will cause its death.

Among the Romans, the rose was an especial favourite. They garnished their dishes with it; wore garlands of it at their feasts; strewed their banquetting apartments with its leaves; and their ladies used rose-water as a perfume. Throughout the East, it was still more extensively celebrated; the poetical allusions and legends relating to the rose being numerous enough to fill an ordinary volume. That which represents the nightingale as sighing for its love, is perhaps the prettiest, and has given rise to some of the most exquisite verses both in our own and in the Persian language. The origin of the fable is thus told in the *Language of Flowers*:—'In a curious fragment by the celebrated poet Attar, entitled *Bulbul Nameh*—the Book of the Nightingale—all the birds appear before Solomon, and charge the nightingale with disturbing their rest, by the broken and plaintive strains which he warbles forth all the night in a sort of phrensy and intoxication. The nightingale is summoned, questioned, and acquitted by the wise king, because the bird assures him that his vehement love for the rose drives him to distraction, and causes him to break forth into those passionate and touching complaints which are laid to his charge.' The Persians also assert, that 'the nightingale in spring flutters round the rose bushes, uttering incessant complaints; till, overpowered by the strong scent, he drops stupified on the ground.'

The Catholic Church has also added considerably to the legendary history of the rose. A golden rose was considered so honourable a present, that none but crowned heads were thought worthy either to give or to receive it. Roses of this kind were sometimes consecrated by the popes on Good Friday, and given to such potentates as it was their particular interest or wish to load with favours; the flower itself being an emblem of the mortality of the body, and the gold of which it was composed of the immortality of the soul. The custom of blessing the rose is still preserved in Rome, and the day on which the ceremony is performed is called *Dominica in Rosâ*. The rose was always considered as a mystical emblem of the Catholic Church, and enters into the composition of most of their ecclesiastical ornaments. As a symbol of beauty and innocence, it was customary, in some countries, to award a crown of roses to the girl who should be acknowledged by all her competitors to be the most amiable, modest, and dutiful in their native village—a custom which, till lately, was annually performed in some districts of France. In the middle ages, the knights at a tournament wore a rose embroidered on their sleeves, as an emblem that gentleness should accompany courage, and that beauty was the reward of valour. About this period, the rose was considered so precious in France, that in several

parts of the country none but the rich and powerful were allowed to cultivate it; but in later times, we find it mentioned among the rights of manors, that their owners were empowered to levy a tax, or tribute, on their tenants, of so many bushels of roses, which were used not only for making rose-water, but for covering the tables with, instead of napkins. The French parliament had formerly a day of ceremony, called *Baillie de Roses*, because great quantities of roses were then presented.

Shakspeare, who no doubt followed some old legend or chronicle, derives the assumption of the red and the white roses by the rival houses of York and Lancaster, from a quarrel in the Temple Gardens between Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, and the Earl of Somerset, the partisan of Lancaster. Finding that their voices were getting too loud, Plantagenet proposes that they shall

'In dumb significance proclaim their thoughts;'  
adding,

'Let him who is a true-born gentleman,  
And stands upon the honour of his birth,  
If he supposes I have pleaded truth,  
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.'

To which Somerset replies,

'Let him who is no coward, nor no flatterer,  
But dare maintain the party of the truth,  
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.'

Their respective followers gathered the different coloured roses; hence tradition says these flowers were adopted as the badges of the houses of York and Lancaster during the civil wars which afterwards desolated the country for more than thirty years. The York-and-Lancaster rose, which, when it comes true, has one-half of the flower red and the other white, was named in commemoration of the union of the two houses by the marriage of Henry VII. of Lancaster with Elizabeth of York.

The *Rosemary* is mentioned as emblematic of that constancy and devotion to the fair sex which was one of the characteristics of the days of chivalry. Garlands and chaplets were formed of myrtle, laurel, and rosemary, and put on the heads of the principal persons in feats. It was formerly held in high estimation as a comforter of the brain and a strengthener to the memory; and on the latter account is considered as the emblem of fidelity in lovers. Formerly, it was worn at weddings, and also at funerals; and is still grown for that purpose in many parts of the continent. Many allusions have been made to both customs by the poets, and also to its being a symbol of remembrance; thus Shakspeare makes Ophelia say, 'There's rosemary for you; that's for remembrance.'

The *Rue*, like the rosemary, being an evergreen, and retaining its appearance and taste during the whole year, is considered an emblem of remembrance and grace. It was anciently named herb grace, or herb of grace; and it is to this day called *ave grace* in Sussex, in allusion, doubtless, to *Ave Maria, Gratia Plena*. Warburton says, that rue had its name, 'herb of grace,' from its being used in exorcisms. Among the ancients, it was also used in several superstitious practices:—'You are not yet at the parsley, nor even at the rue,' was a common saying with the Greeks to those persons who, having projected an enterprise, had not begun to put it into execution. In ancient times, gardens were edged with borders of parsley and rue; and those persons who had not passed these borders, were not accounted to have entered a garden; hence, says Reid, in his 'Historical Botany,' the proverb originated.

The *Laurel*, or sweet bay, was considered by the ancients as the emblem of victory, and also of clemency. The Roman generals were crowned with it in their triumphal processions; every common soldier carried a sprig of it in his hand; and even the despatches announcing a victory were wrapped up in, and ornamented with, leaves of bay. The aromatic odour of these trees was supposed by the ancients to have the

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power of dispelling contagion; and during a pestilence, the Emperor Claudius removed his court to Lauretine, so celebrated for its laurels. Theophrastus tells us that superstitious Greeks would keep a bay leaf in their mouths all day, to preserve them from misfortune. In later times, it was supposed to be a safeguard against lightning; and Madame de Genlis mentions the device of the Count de Dunois, which was a bay tree, with the motto, 'I defend the earth that bears me.' It was the custom in the middle ages to place wreaths of laurel with the berries on round the heads of those poets who had particularly distinguished themselves; hence our expression, poet-laureate. 'Students,' says Mr Phillips in his *Sylva Florifera*, 'who have taken their degrees at the universities, are called bachelors, from the French *bachelier*, which is derived from the Latin *baccalaurus*, a laurel berry. These students were not allowed to marry, lest the duties of husband and father should take them from their literary pursuits; and in time all single men were called *bachelors*.'

The Yew, so celebrated in our own country for its churchyard associations, and from its being employed in the manufacture of bows—the weapon principally used by our warrior ancestors before the introduction of fire-arms—has fewer legends connected with it than one would be led to suppose. The custom of planting yew-trees in churchyards has never been satisfactorily explained. Some have supposed that these trees were placed near the churches for the purpose of affording branches on Palm-Sunday; others, that they might be safe there from cattle, on account of their value for making bows; others, that they were emblematical of silence and death; and others, that they were useful for the purpose of affording shade or shelter to those places of worship when in more primitive form than they now appear. Other writers have entered more philosophically into this question, and presume that the yew was one of those evergreens which, from its shade and shelter, was especially cultivated by the Druids in their sacred groves and around their sacrificial circles; that when Christianity superseded Druidism, the same places were chosen as the sites of the new worship; and that in this manner arose the association of the yew-tree with our churches and churchyards. It was also employed in funerals—'by shroud of white, stuck all with yew;' in some parts of England dead bodies were rubbed over with an infusion of its leaves, to preserve them from putrefaction; and many of our poets allude to its connexion with ideas of death—

Cheerless unsocial plant, that loves to dwell  
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms.

### STRIFE AND PEACE.

FREDRIKA BREMER, the Swedish novelist, was first made known to the English public through the faithful translations of her works by Mrs Howitt. The extensive celebrity which she has attained, is to be traced to her unostentatiously truthful pictures of Swedish and Norwegian life. Though Miss Bremer draws occasionally from the usual resources of novelists, yet she most frequently rivets attention by more legitimate and simple means. Her sketches are seldom founded on exciting events, and she expends but little ingenuity in contriving such plots as tend to awaken the expectation and wonder of her readers. She copies life and nature, not in their wild and unaccustomed aspects, but as they daily appear to all eyes, and as they ordinarily address themselves to all sympathies. This has given her works a charm of their own which has been extensively felt, and caused her name to take its place amongst the most successful of our own fictionists.

The scene of the novel before us\* is an estate called

Semb, situated on the banks of a river which intersects a branch of the great valley of Hallingdal, in Norway. There may be said to be only three characters in the narrative (for the others are extremely subordinate), and they are thus introduced on the scene. 'On a cool September evening, strangers arrived at the Grange, which had now been long uninhabited. It was an elderly lady, of a noble but gloomy exterior, in deep mourning. A young blooming maiden accompanied her. They were received by a young man, who was called there the Steward. The dark appareled lady vanished in the house, and after that was seen nowhere in the valley for several months. They called her there the Colonel's Lady, and said that Mrs Astrid Hjelm had experienced a very strange fate, of which many various histories were in circulation. At the estate of Semb, which consisted of the wide-stretching valley of Heimdal, and which was her paternal heritage, had she never, since the time of her marriage, been seen. Now as widow, she had again sought out the home of her childhood. It was known also and told, that her attendant was a Swedish girl, who had come with her from one of the Swedish watering-places, where she had been spending the summer, in order to superintend her house-keeping.' This girl, Susanna Björk, is the heroine, and is portrayed with admirable skill.

Barbara Susanna Björk was not handsome, could not be even called pretty (for that she was too large and strong), but she was comely. The blue eyes looked so honestly and openly into the world; the round and full face testified health, kindness, and good spirits; and when Susanna was merry, when the rosy lips opened themselves for a hearty laugh, it made any one right glad only to look at her. But true it is, that she was very often in an ill humour, and then she did not look at all charming. She was a tall well-made girl, too powerful in movement ever to be called graceful, and her whole being betrayed a certain want of refinement.'

Susanna, it appears, was the daughter of the burgo-master of Uddevalla in Sweden, but she had been reared almost without education, and thrown upon the charity of relations while still a girl, and she had thus experienced none of those influences which improve by soothing our nature. One fine feeling alone had been cultivated in her bosom—an attachment of the deepest kind to an infant half-sister, by name Hulda, for whose sake she wished to acquire an independence, that she might be enabled to afford the child a home, in which they should dwell together in the enjoyment of the purest of affections. It was for this reason that she had embraced the situation of a waiting-maid.

Harald Bergman, the young steward, was in all respects the reverse of Susanna, and this discordance led them to take opposite views of many things. On some points there had been disputes, but to the loss of temper on her side only; and much of the beauty of the tale lies in the means which he took for correcting this fault. 'The spirit of contention did not always reign between Harald and Susanna. At intervals the spirit of peace also turned towards them, although as a timid dove, which is always ready soon to fly away hence. When Susanna spoke, as she often did, of that which lived in the inmost of her heart: of her love to her little sister, and the recollections of their being together; of her longings to see her again, and to be able to live for her as a mother for her child—then listened Harald ever silently and attentively. No jeering smile nor word came to disturb these pure images in Susanna's soul. And how limningly did Susanna describe the little Hulda's beauty: the little white child, as soft as cotton wool, the pious blue eyes, the white little teeth, which glanced out, whenever she laughed, like bright sunshine, which then lay spread over her whole countenance; and the golden locks which hung so beautifully over forehead and shoulders, the little pretty hands, and temper and heart lively, good, affectionate!

\* New Sketches of Every-Day Life, &c. Strife and Peace. By Fredrika Bremer. Translated by Mrs Mary Howitt. Longman and Co. 1844.

Oh! she was, in short, an angel of Heaven! The little chamber which Susanna inhabited with her little Hulda, and which she herself had changed from an unused lumber-room into a pretty chamber, and whose walls she herself painted, she painted now from memory yet once more for Harald; and how the bed of the little Hulda was surrounded with a light-blue muslin curtain; and how a sunbeam stole into the chamber in the morning, in order to shine on the pillow of the child, and to kiss her little curly head. How roguish was the little one when Susanna came in late at night to go to bed, and cast her first glance on the bed in which her darling lay. But she saw her not, for Hulda drew her little head under the coverlet to hide herself from her sister. Susanna then would pretend to seek for the little one; but she needed only to say with an anxious voice, "Where—ah! where is my little Hulda?" in order to decoy forth the head of the little one, to see her arms stretched out, and to hear her say, "Here I am, Sanna! here is thy little Hulda!" And she had then her little darling in her arms, and pressed her to her heart; then was Susanna happy, and forgot all the cares and the fatigues of the day. At the remembrance of these hours Susanna's tears often flowed, and prevented her remarking the kindly glow which sometimes lit up Harald's eyes.\*

In one of their moments of 'peace,' Susanna and Harald got permission to join a Christmas fete at the house of a neighbouring clergyman, and this gives occasion for a charming picture of the simple society of Norway. 'When, after a drive of about six miles, they approached the parsonage-house, they saw from all sides the little sledges issuing from the passes of the valleys, and then hastening forward in the same direction as themselves across the fields of snow. Steaming breath came from the nostrils of the snorting horses, and merrily jingled the bells in the clear air. Susanna was enraptured.

No less was she enraptured by the cordiality with which she saw herself received at the parsonage—she, a foreign serving-maiden—by wealthy and respectable people. Susanna was, besides this, very curious to see how things looked, and how they went on in a respectable parsonage in Norway; and it was therefore very agreeable to her when the kind Madame Middelberg invited her to see the house, and allowed her to be conducted by her eldest daughter, Thea Middelberg, everywhere, from the cellar even to the garret. Susanna conceived great esteem for the arrangements in the parsonage-house; thought that she could learn various things from it; other things, however, she thought would have been better, according to her Swedish method. Returned to the company, Susanna found much to notice and much to reflect upon. For the rest, she was through the whole of this day in a sort of mental excitement. It seemed to her as if she saw the picture of comfort and happiness, of which she had sometimes dreamed, here realised. It seemed to her that life amid these grand natural scenes and simple manners must be beautiful; the relationship between parents and children, between masters and servants, appeared so cordial, so patriarchal. She heard the servants in the house of the clergyman call him and his wife father and mother; she saw the eldest daughter of the house assist in waiting on the guests, and that so joyously and easily, that one saw that she did it from her heart; saw a frank satisfaction upon all faces, a freedom from care, and a simplicity in the behaviour of all; and all this made Susanna feel quite light at heart, whilst it called forth a certain tearful glance in her eye.

"Have you pleasure in flowers?" inquired the friendly Thea Middelberg; and when Susanna declared that she had, she broke off the most beautiful rose which bloomed in the window and gave to her. But the greatest pleasure to Susanna was in the two youngest children of the house, and she thought that the heartfelt "*mora mi*" (my mother) was the most harmonious sound which she had ever heard. And in that

Susanna was right also; for more lovely words than these "*mora mi*," spoken by affectionate childish lips, are not in the earth. The little Minna, a child about Hulda's age, and full of life and animation, was, in particular, dear to Susanna, who only wished that the little romp would have taken a longer rest upon her knee. Susanna herself won quite unwittingly the perfect favour of the hostess, by starting up at table at a critical moment when the dinner was being served, and with a light and firm hand saving the things from danger. After this she continued to give a helpful hand where it was needful. This pleased much, and they noticed the young Swede with ever kinder eyes; she knew it, and thought all the more on those who thought of her.

Towards the end of the substantial and savoury dinner, skål was drunk, and songs were sung. Susanna's glass must clink with her neighbours, right and left, straight before her, and crosswise; and, animated by the general spirit, she joined in with the beautiful people's song, "The old sea-girded Norway."

Amidst the strife and peace which alternately marked the companionship of Harald and Susanna, the steward's sister, Alette, arrived to pay him a visit, and the three friends soon after went together to a rural fete of a kind peculiar to Norway, called the Halling, which takes place in a glade in a forest, and is attended by the young of both sexes in appropriate dresses. The description of this scene has novelty and interest. 'Never had Susanna looked so well and so happy; but then neither had she ever enjoyed such pleasure. The lovely evening; the tones of the music; the life of the dance; Harald's looks, which expressed in a high degree his satisfaction; the delighted happy faces which she saw around her—never before had she thought life so pleasant! And nearly all seemed to feel so too, and all swung round from the joy of their hearts; silver buckles jingled, and shilling\* danced down into the little gaily-painted Hardanger fiddle, which was played upon with transporting spirit by an old man, of an expressive and energetic exterior.

After the first dance, people rested for a moment. They ate apples, and drank Hardanger ale out of silver cans. After this there arose an almost universal cry, which challenged Harald and another young man, who was renowned for his agility and strength, to dance together a "*lås Halling*." They did not require much persuasion, and stepped into the middle of the circle, which enlarged itself, and closed around them.

The musician tuned his instrument, and with his head bowed upon his breast, began to play with an expression and a life that might be called inspired. It was one of the wild Maliserkund's most genial compositions. Was it imagined with the army, in the bivouac under the free nightly heaven, or in—"slavery," amid evil-doers? Nobody knows; but in both situations has it charmed forth tones, like his own restless life, which never will pass from the memory of the people. Now took the Hardanger fiddle for the first time its right sound. Universal applause followed the dancing of the young men; but the highest interest was excited by Harald, who, in the dance, awoke actual astonishment.

Perhaps there is no dance which expresses more than the Halling the temper of the people who originated it, which better reflects the life and character of the inhabitants of the North. It begins, as it were, upon the ground, amid jogging little hops, accompanied by movements of the arms, in which, as it were, a great strength plays negligently. It is somewhat bear-like, indolent, clumsy, half-dreaming. But it wakes; it becomes earnest. Then the dancers rise up and dance, and display themselves in expressions of power, in which strength and dexterity seem to divert themselves by playing with indolence and clumsiness, and to overcome them. The same person who just before seemed fettered to the earth, springs aloft, and throws himself

\* About a farthing.

around in the air as though he had wings. Then, after many break-neck movements and evolutions, before which the unaccustomed spectator grows dizzy, the dance suddenly assumes again its first quiet, careless, somewhat heavy character, and closes as it began, sunk upon the earth.

Loud shouts of applause, bestowed especially upon Harald, resounded on all sides as the dance closed. And now they all set themselves in motion for a great Halling-polska, and every "Gut" chose himself a "Jente." Harald had scarcely refreshed and strengthened himself with a can of ale, before he again hastened up to Susanna, and engaged her for the Halling-polska. She had danced it several times in her own country, and joyfully accepted Harald's invitation.

This dance, too, is deeply characteristic. It paints the Northern inhabitant's highest joy in life; it is the Berserker-gladness in the dance. Supported upon the arm of the woman, the man throws himself high in the air; then he catches her in his arms, and swings round with her in wild circles; then they separate; then they unite again, and whirl again round, as it were, in superabundance of life and delight. The measure is determined, bold, and full of life. It is a dance-intoxication, in which people for the moment release themselves from every care, every burden and oppression of existence.

Thus felt also at this time Harald and Susanna. Young, strong, agile, they swung themselves around with certainty and ease, which seemed to make the dance a sport without any effort; and with eyes steadfastly riveted on each other, they had no sense of giddiness. They whirled round, as it were, in a magic circle, to the strange magical music. The understrings sounded strong and strange. The peculiar enchanted power which lies in the clear depths of the water, in the mysterious recesses of the mountains, in the shades of dark caves, which the skalds have celebrated under the names of mermaids, mountain-kings, and wood-women, and which drag down the heart so forcibly into unknown, wondrous depths—this dark song of Nature is heard in the understrings\* of the Halling's playful, but yet at the same time melancholy tones. It deeply seized upon Susanna's soul, and Harald also seemed to experience this enchantment. Leaving the wilder movements of the dance, they moved around ever quieter, arm in arm.

"O, so through life!" whispered Harald's lips, almost involuntarily, as he looked deep into Susanna's moistly beaming eyes; and, "O, so through life!" was answered in Susanna's heart, but her lips remained closed. The pleasure infused into Susanna's heart by this incident was not destined to be of long continuance. Alette had formed an unfavourable opinion of her with reference to her irritable temper, and thought it necessary to remonstrate with Harald on his evidently growing attachment. Susanna chanced to overhear her words, and returned from the dance with the most agonised feelings.

Obstructions arise from this cause to the progress of the loves of these young persons; but they are ultimately overcome. Not long after the *fête*, Mrs Hjeltn was induced to undertake a dangerous journey over snow-clad mountains, to clear up the mystery which had long impended over the family. Her faithful servants accompanied her, and but for the energy and courage of Susanna, would have perished in the snow. The mission was accomplished, and Harald discovered to be his mistress's nephew. A new strife then arose in Susanna's mind; she feared that Harald's rise in station would make him esteem her the less on account of her own humble birth. She then bethought

her of her dear little Hulda, and resolved to fly from her present situation, and return to that unfailing object of affection. A kind contrivance of theirs prevented her from leaving them. When she had fully determined to do so, she sought her chamber, opened the door—entered—and stood dumb with astonishment. Were her senses confused, or did she now first wake out of year-long dreams? She saw herself again in that little room in which she had spent so many years of her youth—in that little room which she herself had fitted up, had painted and embellished, and had often described to Harald; and there, by the window, stood the little Hulda's bed, with its flowery coverlet and blue muslin hangings. This scene caused the blood to rush violently to Susanna's heart, and, out of herself, she cried—"Hulda! my little Hulda!"

"Here I am, Sanna! Here is thy little Hulda!" answered the clear joyous voice of a child, and the coverlet of the bed moved, and an angelically beautiful child's head peeped out, and two small white arms stretched themselves towards Susanna. With a cry of almost wild joy Susanna sprang forward, and clasped the little sister in her arms.

Susanna was pale, wept and laughed, and knew not for some time what went on around her. But when she had collected herself, she found herself sitting on Hulda's bed, with the child folded in her arms, and over the little light-locked head lifted itself a manly one, with an expression of deep seriousness and gentle emotion.

"Intreat Susanna, little Hulda," said Harald, "that she bestow a little regard on me, and that she does not say nay to what you have granted me; beg that I may call little Hulda my daughter, and that I may call your Susanna my Susanna!"

"O yes! That shalt thou, Susanna!" exclaimed little Hulda, while she, with child-like affection, threw her arms about Susanna's neck, and continued zealously, "Oh, do like him, Susanna! He likes thee so much; that he has told me so often; and he has himself brought me hither to give thee joy. And seest thou this beautiful necklace he has given me; and he has promised to tell me such pleasant stories in winter. He can tell so many, do you know! Hast thou heard about Rypan in Justedale, Sanna? He has told me that! and about the good lady who went about after the Black Death, and collected all the motherless little children, and was a mother to them. O Sanna! do like him, and let him be my father!"

Susanna let the little prattler go on, without being able to say a word. She buried her face in her bosom, and endeavoured to collect her confused thoughts.

"Susanna!" prayed Harald, restlessly and tenderly, "look at me! Speak to me a kind word!"

Then raised Susanna her burning and tear-bathed countenance, saying, "O! how shall I ever be able to thank you?"

"How?" said Harald, "by making me happy, Susanna; by becoming my wife."

Susanna stood up, while she said with as much candour as cordiality, "God knows best how happy I should feel myself, if I could believe—if words were spoken for your own sake, and not merely for mine. But, ah! I cannot do it. I know that it is your generosity and goodness—"

"Generosity? Then am I right generous towards myself; for I assure you, Susanna, that I never thought more of my own advantage than at this moment; that I am now as completely egotistical as you could desire."

"And your sister Alette," continued Susanna, with downcast eyes; "I know that she does not wish to call me her sister, and—"

"And since Alette once was so stupid," said now a friendly female voice, "therefore is she here to deprecate it." And Alette embraced heartily the astonished Susanna, whilst she continued—"O Susanna! without you, I should now no longer have a brother. I know you

\* The understrings of the so-called Hardanger fiddle are four metal strings, which lie under the sounding-board. They are tuned in unison with the upper catgut strings, whereby, as well as by the peculiar form of the violin itself, this gives forth a singular strong, almost melancholy sound.

better now, and I have read in the depths of his heart, and know that he can now no longer be happy but through you. Therefore I implore you, Susanna, implore you earnestly, to make him happy. Be his wife, Susanna, and be my sister."

"And you, too, Alette," said Susanna, deeply moved; "will you, too, mislead me with your sweet words? Ah! could you make me forget that it is my weakness—that is, I who, through my confession, have called forth—But that can I never; and therefore can I not believe you, ye good, ye noble ones! And therefore I implore and adjure you—"

"What fine speeches are making here?" now interrupted a solemn voice, and Mrs Astrid stood before the affectionately contending group, and spoke thus with an assumed sternness. "I will hope that my young relatives, and my daughter Susanna, do not take upon them to transact and to determine important affairs without taking me into the council! But, yes, I perceive by your guilty countenances that this is the fact; and therefore I shall punish you altogether. Not another word of the business, then, till eight days are over; and then I demand and require, as lady and mistress of this house, that the dispute be brought before me, and that I have a word to say in the decision. Susanna remains here in the meantime in safe keeping, and I myself shall undertake to watch her. Dost thou believe seriously, Susanna," and Mrs Astrid's voice changed into the most affectionate tones, while she clasped the young maiden in her arms—"dost thou believe that thou canst so easily escape me? No, no, my child! thou deceivest thyself there. Since thou hast saved our lives, thou hast become our life-captive—thou, and with thy little Hulda! But supper is laid under the lime-trees in the garden, my child; and let us gather strength from it for the approaching strife." It was thus that all strife ended, and the two lovers were at length made happy in the approved method.

#### RECENT POLYTECHNIC EXHIBITIONS IN LIVERPOOL AND LEEDS.

It has become common of late years, especially in the English manufacturing districts, to open what are called Public Exhibitions of works of art, models of machinery, antiquities and curiosities, natural history, philosophical apparatus, specimens of various manufactures, and objects illustrative of several operations in the useful arts. These exhibitions have, in general, been held in connexion with mechanics' or other educational institutions, to whose benefit the proceeds are applied. In many instances considerable sums have been realised, and thus a twofold advantage is derived by the public—first, in the pleasure and instruction obtained from the exhibitions, and afterwards from the appropriation of the funds to the diffusion of knowledge at a cheap rate. All these exhibitions are essentially public in their character. The articles contributed being lent by the public, their management is intrusted to a public committee; and the benefits resulting from them, both in money and otherwise, are reaped by the public.

To give some idea of the nature and extent of these exhibitions, we propose to describe three that have recently been held in Liverpool and Leeds, and to give some account of the institutions in connexion with which they were opened.

Liverpool, it is well known, contains the largest Mechanics' Institution in the kingdom. The directors of this establishment have gone far beyond the original idea of a Mechanics' Institution; for while they have most fully carried out the plan of lectures, evening classes, and a library, they have also established day schools,

under the names of the Lower and the High School, for the instruction of children of the working and middle classes. These schools have hitherto been attended with much success, and contained, according to the last report, 846 pupils. The number of members in March 1843 was 3375, of whom 404 were ladies, and 674 apprentices. The evening classes are conducted by thirty-one masters, and the average attendance is about 400 each evening. Lectures are delivered regularly twice a-week to audiences of from 600 to 1300. The library contains upwards of 11,000 volumes; and sometimes more than 500 volumes are taken out in one day. In the large and commodious lecture room, a powerful concerto organ, built by Hill of London, has lately been erected, for the purpose of giving increased effect to the musical lectures, and adding to the attractions of the institution. This organ is played regularly on lecture evenings for about half an hour before the lecture commences, and while the members are taking their seats. The institution also possesses a museum and a sculpture gallery, which contains a large collection of statues, casts, &c. and to which many valuable additions have recently been made.

The exhibition which was held in June and July 1842 occupied twenty large rooms. The first that the visitor entered contained a number of looms for weaving fringes, silk, &c. at which workmen were regularly employed. In the next, letter-press and lithographic printers were at work, printing various documents relating to the institution; while the processes of book-binding and engraving in all their branches were at the same time going on. In the third apartment, the walls of which were hung round with specimens of costly carpets, were workmen employed in stocking-weaving and lace-making. Passing from this, the visitor entered a long room containing an extensive collection of philosophical apparatus, models of ships, of steam-engines, &c. A portion of the philosophical apparatus was kept at work, and such parties as chose, received shocks from electrical machines and small galvanic batteries. Under this room was another, which contained a working steam-engine and a collection of machinery. There was also a canal surrounded by a railway, on which a model of a locomotive engine was shown at work. Contiguous to this apartment, the processes of glass-blowing and likeness-cutting were exhibited, as also a potter's wheel, on which were fashioned wares, &c. according to any form which visitors suggested to the workman. On ascending to the upper floor of the building, the visitor found himself in the natural history museum, which contained upwards of 200 specimens, all tastefully and neatly arranged. Adjoining this was a room in which were displayed about 250 autographs, many of them very rare and curious, and among which were twenty-one of English kings and queens, and eight of foreign princes. The next room contained architectural models and specimens of papier maché ornaments, after inspecting which, the visitor was introduced to the picture-gallery. This was ninety feet in length, lighted from the roof, with its walls completely covered with paintings. It contained 276 pictures, among which were Haydon's well-known painting of the Anti-Slavery Conference, Maclic's Bohemian Gipsies, and many others of great merit. In a line with this room were the museum and sculpture-gallery. In the latter, the visitor found himself surrounded by specimens of the great works of the ancient sculptors, while in the centre there was a fountain, surrounded by plants, which cast up jets of water, thus imparting a coolness and fragrance to

the gallery, and rendering it a delightful promenade. Two rooms next to this contained a collection of nearly 1000 antiquities, curiosities, &c. many of which were very valuable. A single article—a musical clock, with railway carriages passing in front, and two vases of flowers—was valued at 100 guineas. An apartment on the same range contained a collection of between 300 and 400 engravings and water-colour drawings, and the room next to it was filled with paintings by Liverpool artists, and portraits of Liverpool men. In the large lecture-hall, exhibitions of dissolving views, &c. by the oxy-hydrogen microscope, took place twice a-day. The play-ground of the High School was roofed in to accommodate the extensive collection of North American Indian curiosities, &c. belonging to Mr George Catlin, the celebrated traveller. The exhibition was open for six weeks, and in a statement published after its close, it was calculated that, during that time, the total number of visitors could not be fewer than 97,000. About 20,000 pupils belonging to the different charity schools of the town were admitted once gratuitously, as were also the police and military forces, and 380 domestic servants. The total sum realised, after paying expenses, was stated to be £2000.

The Liverpool Collegiate Institution was established in 1839, by a number of influential and wealthy gentlemen, for the purpose of affording to the higher, middle, and working-classes a secular education, combined with religious instruction founded on the tenets of the church of England. The building is one of the most handsome and magnificent in Liverpool. The foundation-stone was laid by Lord Stanley on the 22d December 1840, and the institution was opened in January 1843 by Mr Gladstone, now president of the Board of Trade. The cost of its erection was about £38,000. It contains upwards of forty class and other rooms, and has extensive play-grounds adjoining. The lecture-room is capable of accommodating about 2700 persons, and is fitted up with two galleries, a large platform, and orchestra. There are three day-schools open in the institution, called respectively the Upper, the Middle, and the Lower Schools. They are conducted by a principal, two vice-principals, and twenty other masters. There are also various evening classes, conducted by fourteen masters. No official report of the numbers attending the various schools has yet been published; but it was stated by the Rev. J. Brooks, senior rector of Liverpool, at the distribution of prizes at Christmas 1843, that the numbers at both day and evening schools were then 1030. Lectures are delivered regularly twice a-week, and the charge of admission to them is different to different parts of the lecture-room.

The exhibition in connexion with this institution was held in June and July 1843. It occupied no fewer than forty-one rooms, including the large lecture hall. In various rooms were exhibited the processes of book-binding, paper-ruling, letter-press, copperplate, and lithographic printing, fringe weaving, manufacture of tassels, stocking weaving, fustian cutting, ivory carving, and pin making. There was also a shawl-loom from Paisley, at which a workman was constantly employed, weaving shawls according to a pattern made expressly for the occasion; and the process of hearth-rug weaving was shown in the production of a rug embodying a view of the institution. There was an extensive collection of models of ships, and one of a ship-launch. Another of a steamer, propelled by the Archimedean screw, was exhibited at work in a circular basin of water, towing a full-rigged model of a merchantman. The processes of hatching eggs by means of hot water, and of cooking meat by gas, were also exhibited. There were also a cutter of likenesses, and a potter constantly at work. One of the rooms was completely occupied by a large and beautiful model of Hobart Town, in which, it was stated, every street and house was accurately represented. The harbour and bay consisted of 'real water,' and vessels were observed riding at anchor in the roadstead, unloading at the quay, and stranded

on the shore. The walls of the room were hung with panoramic views of the same town. In one of the apartments there was a type-composing and distributing machine, invented by Captain Rosenberg, at which two boys were constantly employed. This machine, from its ingenuity and novelty, formed a very interesting part of the exhibition. Another room was completely filled with Chinese curiosities, all arranged with the utmost neatness. Other rooms contained collections of miscellaneous antiquities and curiosities, philosophical apparatus, and models of steam-engines. The picture gallery was considered to be the largest and most handsome exhibition of paintings that had ever been opened in Liverpool. It was 218 feet long, but its breadth and height were not in proportion to this length. It was lighted from the roof, and contained 420 paintings by eminent British and foreign artists. At each end of this gallery was a small room containing statuary; and a number of paintings and engravings were distributed over the other rooms. At the top of one of the staircases there was a fountain surrounded with plants. Two large mirrors were placed near it, which, by multiplying the objects, added greatly to the effect. In the lecture-hall, concerts of vocal and instrumental music were regularly held, and dissolving views and a panorama of the Eglinton tournament were exhibited twice each day.

Amongst the objects presented on both occasions in Liverpool was 'Allart's Happy Family,' a collection of mild and fierce animals, which live together on the most amicable terms in one cage. The hawk and the starling were seen feeding from the same piece of meat; the cat permitted mice and rats to repose on her body without molestation; and the pigeon might jostle the drowsy owl without danger of being attacked.

The Leeds Mechanics' Institution was established in 1825, and continued to exist on a very small scale until 1839, when the proceeds of an exhibition enabled the directors to purchase a building consisting of a lecture-hall, capable of accommodating about 400 persons, and several smaller apartments for class-rooms. A Literary Institution was established in Leeds in 1834, whose objects differed very slightly from those of the Mechanics' Institution. In 1842 the members of these institutions thought that the objects of each would be better obtained if they were united; and a union accordingly took place in 1842, which was celebrated by a grand soiree, at which Earl Fitzwilliam, Thomas Wyse, Esq. Professors Buckland and Liebig, Drs Daubeny and Playfair, &c. attended. It has been found that the institutions work harmoniously together, and that they are more effective now than they were when separate. The last report is dated January 1844, and from it we find that the number of members and subscribers was then 770, of whom 178 were under eighteen years of age. The evening classes are seven in number, and the average attendance is between 40 and 50 each evening. The library contains above 5000 volumes, and circulates, on an average, about 100 volumes per day. Courses of paid lectures are delivered as often as the funds of the institution will permit; and a regular series of papers, on interesting and instructive subjects, are read by gentlemen connected with the institution, and are always followed by a discussion. The attendance at paid lectures is from 350 to 500, and at papers about 150.

The exhibition in connexion with the Leeds institution was opened in July 1843, and remained open for four months. It was on a much smaller scale than those at Liverpool. It occupied six rooms. The picture-gallery was 71 feet long and 18 broad, and contained 128 paintings by distinguished artists. Ranged round the sides of this room were collections of natural history, curiosities, &c. A small circular room adjoining this was tastefully fitted up with 141 small paintings and water-colour drawings. The largest room, called the Saloon, was about 53 feet long and 36 broad. At one end there was an organ, which was played at various

times, and, on some occasions, by the celebrated Dr Wesley, organist of the parish church, Leeds. In the centre of this room there was a fountain throwing up jets of water; a circular canal, on which floated models of ships and steamers; and a circular railway, with a tunnel, on which models of locomotive engines were frequently made to work. Models of various kinds of engines were also exhibited in action. The processes of lithographic printing, likeness-cutting, silvering glass, and electrotype engraving, were also exhibited; and lectures were regularly delivered on chemistry, galvanism, pneumatics, hydrostatics, &c. illustrated by many interesting experiments. The walls were decorated with paintings. An adjoining room contained a large collection of ancient armour from the Tower of London, a great quantity of coins, autographs, curiosities, &c. There were 412 English coins arranged in chronological order, beginning with the first ancient British coins of lead and tin, and ending with those of Queen Victoria. There were also 56 Scotch coins, beginning with a penny of Alexander II., and ending with some coins of Queen Anne's reign, which were the last coined at the royal mint in Scotland. A room was set apart for machinery, and in it were exhibited a steam-engine of six-horse power, and other machines, at work. Another apartment was occupied with a diving-bell, which accommodated four or five persons. During the time that the exhibition was open, between 5000 and 6000 persons went down in the diving-bell, each of whom paid sixpence, and was furnished with a certificate, 'serving,' said the catalogue, 'as a record of the courage of the parties.' In the same room were exhibited dissolving views by the oxy-hydrogen microscope. The total amount realised by this exhibition, after paying all necessary expenses, was about £400.

It would be superfluous to enter into any disquisition on the various good effects that such exhibitions must produce. From the necessarily rapid and cursory sketch which has here been given of them, it will be seen that few could attend them without receiving much pleasure of a pure and elevating kind. The trains of thought into which the various objects exhibited naturally led the mind, the healthy curiosity which they excited, and the expansion of ideas which such a collection of the beautiful and useful in nature and art is fitted to produce, must have had a very beneficial and stimulating effect. But in forming an estimate of the value of these exhibitions as means for elevating the character of the people, there are many circumstances which diminish, in some degree, the influence that on a first glance might be attributed to them. The collection of articles is so large, and the time generally occupied in exhibiting them so short, that the knowledge and pleasure which they produce are necessarily evanescent. If they were to be permanent, the case would be different; but this is rendered impossible by the manner in which the articles are contributed. In an exhibition made up of articles from private collections, it is not to be expected that all departments will be as complete, or arranged with as much accuracy and care, as they would have been if the exhibition were opened for any particular scientific purpose. The arrangement is generally made more with the view of obtaining neatness and compactness, than scientific order; and thus, though more pleasure may be communicated to the eye, there is less instruction imparted to the mind.

The importance of these exhibitions cannot for a moment be compared with that of the institutions in connexion with which they have been opened. The former are showy and temporary; the latter are solid and permanent. The exhibition, while open, may be more popular and lucrative; but the institution is more beneficial, and its interests ought on no account whatever to be sacrificed, even in the smallest degree, for the sake of a temporary gain. The exhibition may be said to represent the holidays passed in cheerful pleasure, as agreeable as it is temporary; while the institution re-

sembles the regular school session passed in calmness and quiet, and in the attainment of solid and useful instruction, by whose aid the journey of life is to be performed.

#### DR GUILLOTIN.

WITH the machine to which the above physician was the unwitting sponsor, is associated the wholesale decapitations which took place during the French Revolution. It has thus conferred an unenviable notoriety on a man who appears to have possessed a large share of humanity, and whose gravest fault was the bad vanity which he expressed about his invention—that invention being after all not certainly his, as similar instruments had been used long before in Italy, Germany, England, Scotland, and even France itself. It is only recently that the true history of this man, and of the machine which bore his name, has been completed; first, by the discovery (in 1835) of some documents in the Hotel de Ville of Paris, and next by a pamphlet, written by M. Louis du Bois, published last year.\*

We learn from the Biographie Universelle, that Joseph Ignace Guillotin was born in 1738 at Saintes, an ancient town on the lower banks of the river Charente. After having received the rudiments of education, he composed an essay to obtain the degree of master of arts from the university of Bordeaux. This composition produced a lively sensation; and the Jesuits, who invariably tried to connect every person of talent with their order, persuaded him to enter the fraternity, and Guillotin was appointed a professor in the Irish college at Bordeaux. After a few years, however, ambition prompted him to quit the religious habit, and he went to Paris to study medicine. There he soon distinguished himself as a diligent pupil of Antoine Petit, the most learned professor of his time. So ardent was he in the pursuit of medical knowledge, that he organised a certain number of his fellow-pupils into a society, to render a mutual account of the instruction they had derived from the lessons of their master. At length the good use he made of his days as a student met their reward: he obtained a diploma from the faculty of Rheims, and afterwards carried off, from a host of competitors, the prize given by the Paris faculty, which was the title of Doctor-Regent. From that time he was placed, in the opinion of the public, amongst the first physicians of the capital.

When the famous Mesmer broached his doctrine of animal magnetism, Louis XVI. ordered a commission to inquire into the merits of the theory, and Guillotin was appointed one of its members; but at this time the distant murmurs of the revolutionary storm were heard, and both the king and the royal physician had weightier matters to occupy their attention than mesmerism. Louis attempted to meet the coming tempest by organising a popular assembly under the title of the States General, while Guillotin, taking the general tone of the time, published what was thought a disloyal pamphlet, under the title of 'Petition of the Citizens domiciled in Paris.'† For this he was summoned to the bar of the French parliament to render an account of his opinions. The issue of the affair was favourable to him; and the populace carried him from the parliament house in triumph. His popularity now increased, and, after a time, he was elected a member of the States General. In this national assembly Guillotin chiefly directed his attention to medical reform; and it was in

\* *Recherches Historiques et Physiologiques sur la Guillotine*, &c. Paris. 1843.

† Besides the *Pétition des Citoyens Domiciliés à Paris*, Guillotin published (in 1788) two other pieces, which formed an octavo of thirty-five pages: thus much from the Biographie Universelle—but in a book published in 1796, entitled *Portraits of Celebrated Persons*, we find it denied that Guillotin wrote these pamphlets, having only 'fathered' them, the real author being a lawyer named Hardouin, who was afraid of the consequences of the publication.

a debate concerning capital punishments that a circumstance occurred which, though somewhat ludicrous in itself, handed his name down to posterity in a manner which he bitterly regretted to the latest moment of his existence.

It appears that, under the old system of things, it was a privilege of the nobility, when condemned to death, to be beheaded instead of hanged. Singular as it may seem, this was complained of by the malcontents of the day as an odious distinction. To do away with it, Dr Guillotin framed, and, on the 10th of October 1789, proposed in the National Assembly a series of resolutions, the first three of which were—'1. Crimes of the same kind shall be punished by the same kind of punishment, whatever be the rank of the criminal. 2. In all cases (whatever be the crime) of capital punishment, it shall be of the same kind—that is, beheading—and it shall be executed by means of a machine [*l'effet d'un simple mécanisme*]. 3. Crime being personal, the punishment, whatever it may be, of a criminal, shall inflict no disgrace on his family.' These propositions were adjourned, as it seems, without a debate; but on the 1st of December the doctor brought them forward again, preceding his motion by reading a long and detailed report in their favour, to which, unluckily for the history of the guillotine, the Assembly did not pay the usual compliment of printing it, and no copy was found amongst Guillotin's papers. The circumstance which so lastingly attached his name to the beheading machine also proved that his propositions were not very attentively received: the debate finished abruptly, in consequence of a curious expression which he used. He had been, it would seem, describing the proposed instrument as his own invention; and, having argued that hanging was a tedious and torturing process, exclaimed, in a tone of triumph, 'Now, with my machine, I cut off your head in the twinkling of an eye, and you never feel it!'<sup>1</sup> This strange expression produced a general laugh, which ended the discussion. Alas! amongst the laughs there were scores of the after-victims of the yet unborn cause of their merri-ment.

The unlucky expression of Dr Guillotin passed into a jest, which was indelibly fixed on him by a song that appeared a few days afterwards in a comic periodical supported by the royalist party, and the humour of which turned on his being supposed to wish for a swifter mode of killing than the professional one which he had previously practised.

Guillotin,  
Politician,  
And physician,  
Bethought himself, 'tis plain,  
That hanging's not humane  
Nor patriotic;  
And straightway showed  
A clever mode  
To kill—without a pang—men;  
Which, void of rope or stakes,  
Suppression makes  
Of hangmen.  
'Twas thought, and not in vain,  
That this slim  
Hippocrates' limb  
Was jealous to obtain  
The exclusive right of killing,  
By quicker means than piling.  
The patriot keen,  
Guillotin,  
The best advice to have,  
Before the next debate  
Consults *Coupe-tête*,  
*Chapellier* and *Barnave*;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'Avec ma machine, je vous fais sauter la tête d'un coup-d'œil, et vous ne souffrez point!'

<sup>2</sup> *Coupe-tête* was one Jourdain (afterwards more widely celebrated for his share in the massacres of Avignon), who derived his nickname from having cut off the heads of Messrs De Hutes and Varicourt, who were murdered in the palace of Versailles about two months before Guillotin's unlucky speech. Barnave and Cha-

And then off-hand  
His genius planned  
That machine  
That 'simply' kills—that's all—  
Which after him we call  
'Guillotine.'

This jeu d'esprit became very popular, and the name of Guillotine, which it gave in derision, and by antipathy, clung to the fatal machine when it was finally adopted, and for ever after. It appears that the bad taste of jesting on so grave and solemn a subject did not escape notice, for in the *Moniteur* of the 18th December 1789, appear some 'observations on the motion of Dr Guillotin, for the adoption of a machine which should behead animals in the twinkling of an eye,' and censuring the 'levity with which some of the periodical papers have made trivial and indecent remarks thereon.'

To show how unjustly Guillotin's name has been treated by posterity, it is only necessary to add, that the above is nearly all the connexion he had with the so-called guillotine; for at the time he talked of 'my machine,' it does not appear that he had made either a model or so much as a drawing of it, and it could only have existed as an *idea* in his mind, whether borrowed or original, it is now impossible to determine. The fact is, that the first guillotine was not constructed till three years afterwards, and with the making of it Guillotin had nothing whatever to do!

Though the doctor's propositions were laughed off on the 1st of December 1789, yet every one of them were eventually adopted. That which first came under discussion was the third, by which every stain of disgrace was to be removed from the relations and families of criminals. About the middle of the following month (January 1790), an event took place which shows that, although Guillotin and his ideal instrument found little favour in the Assembly, the third clause of his motion made a great impression amongst the populace. The case, very characteristic in all its circumstances, was this:—There were three brothers of a respectable family in Paris, of the name of Agasse, the two eldest of whom—printers and proprietors of the *Moniteur*—were convicted of forgery of bank-notes, and sentenced to be hanged. Their condemnation excited great public interest, from the youth and previous respectability of the parties. Instead, however, of this sympathy being employed in procuring a mitigation of the sentence, it was expended on the relations and friends of the criminals, whose case was thought to afford an excellent opportunity of carrying out one of Guillotin's ameliorations. In the evening sitting of the 21st of January, the Abbé Pepin hastily mounted the tribune of the National Assembly, recalled to its attention Guillotin's propositions, and stated that the clause relative to the abolition of prejudice against the family of criminals ought to be immediately passed, to meet the case of the Agasses. This was enthusiastically agreed to, and a decree was immediately ratified to meet the case. Three days after, the battalion of National Guards of the district of St Honoré, where the Agasses resided, assembled in grand parade; they voted an address to M. Agasse, the uncle of the criminals, to condole with his affliction, and to announce their adoption of the whole surviving family as friends and brothers; and, as a first step, they elected the young brother and younger cousin of the culprits to be lieutenants of the grenadier company; and then, the battalion being drawn up in front of the Louvre, these young men were marched forth, and complimented on their new rank by M. de Lafayette, the commander-in-chief, accompanied by a numerous staff. Nor was this all: they were led in procession to St Eustache and other churches, and paraded, with every kind of ostentation, to the public gaze. A public dinner of six hundred National Guards was got up in their honour; numerous philanthropic toasts were drunk; and then,

pellier were two of the most violent democratic members of the National Assembly. All these men fell under the guillotine a few years later.

in an enthusiasm of patriotism, the two youths were marched back through half Paris, preceded by a band of music, to the house of the uncle, where the whole family, old and young, male and female, came forth into the street to receive the congratulations of the crowd. While these tragical farces were playing, the poor culprits, who did not at all share in the enthusiasm their case excited, were endeavouring to escape from the painful honour of having this great moral experiment made in their persons; but in vain; their appeals were rejected, and at length they were, on the 8th of February, led forth to execution, and hanged.

After this, none of the questions concerning the execution of criminals mooted by Guillotin were revived till 1791, for meantime the executioner's revolting office was never performed. But on the 6th of October in that year, it was enacted, that 'every person condemned to death should be beheaded'—the especial privilege of the nobility being thus at last abolished. The next question was, as to how the fatal operation was to be performed. Hanging would no longer be tolerated, in consequence of the shocking number of 'irregular executions' which had formerly occurred from that mode, when the populace, taking the law into their own hands, suspended obnoxious persons from the street lamps. Guillotin's plan seems to have been almost forgotten; and the general adoption of the aristocratic mode of beheading with the sword possessed many disadvantages. The subject was much discussed for some time, but was at length brought to an issue by the condemnation of one Pelletier, who, on the 24th January 1792, was condemned to capital punishment for assassination. The magistrates of Paris inquired of the minister how the sentence was to be executed; and, after the delay of a month, the minister himself, and the Directory of the department of Paris, were obliged to have recourse to the Legislative Assembly for instructions. The letter of the minister, Duport du Tertre, is remarkable for the reluctance with which he enters on the subject, and the deep and almost prophetic horror he expresses at having had to examine its odious details. 'It was,' he said, 'a kind of execution [*espèce de supplice*] to which he had felt himself condemned.' Alas! it was but an anticipation of a fatal reality. On the 28th of November 1793, he was himself really condemned by the revolutionary tribunal, and suffered on the 29th by the machine first used under his involuntary auspices, and in company with that same Barnave, the first and most prominent patron of revolutionary bloodshedding!

In the midst of the difficulty, M. Sanson, the hereditary executioner of France, was applied to for his opinion, which he gave in a memorial written with good sense, showing the cruelty, uncertainty, and torture of beheading by the sword, then the usual mode. The question was finally referred to M. Louis, secretary to the academy of surgeons, and in his report, dated 7th March 1792, he recommended such a machine as Guillotin had previously described, but without the smallest allusion to Guillotin himself. This proposal was entertained, and Guillotin at last thought of; for, on the 10th of March, we find that Roderer, then the departmental Procureur-General, wrote the following private note to Guillotin:—'Dear sir and ex-colleague, I should be very much obliged if you would be so good as to come to the office of the department, No. 4, Place Vendôme, at your earliest convenience. The Directory [of the department of Paris] is unfortunately about to be called upon to determine the mode of decapitation which will be henceforward employed for the execution of the third article of the penal code. I am instructed to invite you to communicate to me the important ideas which you have collected and compared, with a view of mitigating a punishment which the law does not intend to be cruel.' Whether the proposed interview took place, is not positively stated; and with this letter ends every

title that has been recorded of Guillotin's connexion with the terrible contrivance to which, three years before, his name had been given, and which bore it ever after. In proof of this, it is only necessary to follow up the narrative of what occurred in reference to the machine.

All the time this discussion was going on, not only Pelletier, but several other malefactors, lay in the provincial jails awaiting execution. In this difficulty, an officer of the criminal court of Strasburg, named Laquante, made a design of a beheading machine, and employed one Schmidt, a pianoforte maker, to execute a model. Meanwhile, Louis's proposition was acted on at head-quarters, and the Legislative Assembly empowered Roderer to get an instrument made; but whether or no his 'ex-colleague' Guillotin assisted him in the task, is not stated. Roderer applied to one Guidon, who was the contractor for furnishing wood for the use of the criminal executive (*pour la fourniture des bois de justice*), for an estimate of the expense. On the 5th April 1792, Guidon sent in his estimate; no less than the sum of L.226. When expostulated with on the exorbitancy of the amount, he replied that it arose from his workmen demanding 'enormous wages, from a prejudice against the object in view.' On which Roderer remarks—'The prejudice, indeed, exists; but I have offers from other persons to undertake the work, provided they should not be asked to sign contracts, or in any other way to have their names exposed as connected with the object.' This is very remarkable, as showing that even operative carpenters dreaded the sort of notoriety which Guillotin inadvertently courted on the 1st of December 1789, by talking of 'my machine.' In the end, Guidon's offer was rejected, and Schmidt made, for L.38, the instrument that was finally adopted. One was immediately ordered and made for each province or department.

After a great many delays, an execution by this mode took place on Monday, 23d April 1792, Pelletier being the first victim. The new machine performed its duty with complete success, and, shocking as it may appear, became so popular, that it afterwards served as a model of ornaments for women, and of toys for children! Some attempt was made to give it the name of the Louison, from the share M. Louis, the surgeon, had in bringing it forward; but the epigram had fixed Guillotin's name on it too firmly, and it was never popularly known by any other.

During the horrible anarchy which followed, Dr Guillotin hid himself in such close secrecy, that it was believed he had fallen a victim to his so-called invention. This was so current an opinion, that we find Mr Todd, in introducing the word guillotine into Johnson's Dictionary, states it as a fact. Guillotin did not, however, wholly escape the fury of the time, as he was for a certain period imprisoned on some slight pretence. When order was in a degree restored, he was liberated; and being heartily tired of performing the character of a politician, he returned to the practice of his own profession, overwhelmed, it is stated, by a deep sense of the great, though not wholly undeserved, misfortune which rendered his name ignominious, and his very existence a subject of fearful curiosity. 'It is astonishing'—we quote the *Biographie Universelle*—'that Guillotin did not solicit from the authorities permission to change a name which thenceforth must have been hardly supportable to him.' In spite of it, however, he enjoyed, up to the latest moments of his life, the esteem of all who knew him. His love for his profession suggested to him the idea of a medical society, which still exists in Paris under the name of the Academy of Medicine, where he associated with his old companions. He lived just long enough to see the Restoration, and died in his bed on the 26th May 1814, aged seventy-six years. A funeral oration was made over his remains by one of

his oldest friends, Dr Bourru, and was published shortly after his death.

Never was a man more severely punished for a little inconsiderate vanity than Dr Guillotin, who, apart from the merit or demerit of his invention, seems to have been a truly estimable member of society.

### BOOK TITLES.

In Butler's *Remains* it is remarked, that 'there is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books, no less than in the faces of men, by which a skilful observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other.'

Generally speaking, this is correct. But the optician who should happen to purchase a book entitled *A New Invention; or a Paire of Crissall Spectacles, by helpe whereof may be read so small a print, that what twenty sheets of paper will hardly containe shall be discovered in one* (1644), would find, to his surprise, that it has nothing to do with his business, but relates to the civil war. So also might mistakes very readily occur with regard to Horne Tooke's celebrated *Diversions of Parley*, which a village book-club near our own city actually ordered at the time of its publication, under the impression that it was a book of amusing games, very likely to be serviceable in putting over the long winter nights, when in reality it is one of the most abstruse treatises which exist on a subject altogether beyond clownish wits—etymology. There is a scarce and curious tract, entitled *Meryland Described, containing a Topographical, Geographical, and Natural History of that Country* (1741): a person with a taste for geography might suppose that it related to the well-known colony (now state) of that name in North America; but in reality it consists entirely of facetious matter. A mistake of this kind actually did occur at the time of the first publication of the now well-known *Essay on Irish Bulls*, when, we have been assured—though no Irishman can ever be induced to admit the fact—no fewer than a dozen copies were ordered forthwith by the Farming Society of Dublin! In like manner, we can imagine a juvenile naturalist being disappointed in finding nothing relative to botany in *A Treatise of Hebrew Roots*. It is said that a French writer, mistaking the meaning of the title of *Winter's Tale*, translated it by the words *Conte de Monsieur Winter, or Mr Winter's Tale*—a mistake extremely natural, we must admit, to one unacquainted with our national idiom. It may be added, that a medical man's curiosity might perhaps be gratified by Oberdorff's *Anatomy of the True Physician and Counterfeit Mountebanks, disclosing certain Stratagems whereby London Empirics oppugne, and oftentimes expugne, their poor Patients' Purves* (1602); but he would find himself stepping somewhat out of his course to peruse Hutton's *Anatomy of Folly* (1619), Nash's *Anatomy of Absurdity* (1589), *The Hospital of Incurable Fools* (1600), &c.

A love of quaint titles has been shown by our literary men from the earliest times of publishing, but generally in a more conspicuous manner two centuries ago than at present. Not even royal wits could then dispense with this attraction; witness King James's *Counterblast to Tobacco*, which, by the way, is a far more sensible production than is generally supposed, or than its whimsical title would imply. Shakspeare himself was not superior to this whimsicality, and we accordingly find it shining in the titles of most of his comedies, as *Measure for Measure*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, and *As You Like it*. Apropos of King James's pamphlet, we may advert to a poem by his contemporary Sylvester, entitled, *Tobacco Battered, and the Pipes Shattered about their Ears, who Idly Use so Base and Barbarous a Weed*. It would seem that some of these odd old titles have suggested the writing of certain remarkable modern works. Thus Barnaby Rich's *Souldier's Wish for Britain's Welfare, a Dialogue between Captain Skill and Captain Fill* (1604), may have suggested Leigh Hunt's *Captain Sword and Captain Pen*. A little work published in 1679, entitled *Unfortunate Heroes, or Adventures of*

*Ovid, Horace, Virgil, Agrippa, Cypion, &c.* reminds us of the chapter on literary men in Thomas Carlyle's recent work, *Hero-Worship*.

Some titles are agreeably short, and others wonderfully long. A few years since, a work was issued with the laconic title of *It*, and for days previous to its publication, the walls of London were placarded with the words, 'Order It,' 'Buy It,' 'Read It.' The old naturalist Lovell published a book at Oxford in 1661, entitled *Panzologicominerologia*, which is nearly as long a word as Rabelais's proposed title for a book; namely, *Antipericatametaparahengedamphicibrationes*.

Titles are occasionally remarkable for their modest pretensions; for example, *Did You ever see such Stuff? or, So-much-the-better, being a Story without Head or Tail, Wit or Humour* (1760); *A Satire for the King's Birthday, by no Poet-Laureate* (1779); Barnaby Rich's *Faults, and Nothing but Faults*. On the other hand, the titles of some books implore us to read them, and crave indulgent criticism, while others taunt and threaten us if we will not read them. In illustration, we may cite, *Oh! Read over Dr John Bridge's Martin Mar-Prelate, for it is a Worthy Work, Printed over-sea in Europe, within two furlongs of a bounsing Priest, a rare work against the Puritans* (1588); Roy's *Read me, and Be not Wrath*; Tourneur's *Lough and Lie Down, or the World's Folly* (1605); *If you know not Me, you know Nobody*; and Rowland's *Look to it, or I'll Stab ye*.

According to Stowe's Chronicle, the title of *Domesday Book* arose from the circumstance of the original having been carefully preserved in a sacred place at Westminster, called *Domus Dei*, or House of God.

Books have been frequently likened to store-rooms and other buildings; hence the titles of *Magazine of Zoology*; *Repository of Arts*; *Treasury of Knowledge*; *The Jewel-house of Art and Nature*; *Painter's Palace of Pleasure* (1565); *Primanday's Academy of Manners* (1586); *Parkinson's Theatre of Plants* (1640); *Boysteau's Theatre of the World* (1574). The comparison of a book to a looking-glass or mirror is also very common and natural. Thus we have a black-letter book called, *A Chrystal Glass for Christian Women, Exhibiting the Godlie Life and Death of Katherine Stubs of Burton-upon-Trent, in Staffordshire*; *Snowsell's Looking-Glass for Married Folks, wherein they may plainly see their Deformities* (1631); *Spooner's Looking-Glass for Tobacco Smoakers* (1703); *The Mirror of the World* (1481); *The Mirror for Majistrates* (1559); and several periodicals have lived and died with the name of Mirror.

Some titles are remarkable for their satirical character. Thus, a work relative to a large class of the literary world was entitled, *The Downfall of temporising Poets, unlicensed Printers, upstart Booksellers, trotting Mercuries, and bawling Hawkers* (1641). Printers are brought into strange company in another book entitled, *A History of Filchum Cantum, or a Merry Dialogue between Apollo, Foolish Harry, Silly Billy, a Griffin, a Printer, a Spider Killer, a Jack-Ass, and the Sonorous Guns of Ludgate* (1749). The Latin poetasters seem to have their merits called somewhat in question by the title of John Peter's curious and very scarce work, *A New Way to make Latin Verses, whereby any one of ordinary capacity that only knows the A.B.C., and can count nine, though he understands not one word of Latin, or what a verse means, may be plainly taught to make thousands of Hexameter and Pentameter Verses, which shall be true Latin, true Verse, and good Sense* (1679).

The ancient and still frequently mooted question about the mental equality of men and women, has elicited many works with quizzical titles. Thus, in 1620, appeared *Hic Mulier, or the Man-Woman, or a Medicine to Cure the Staggers in the Masculine-Feminines of our Times*. This was answered by another work with as curious a title, *Hac Vir, or the Womanish-Man to Hic Mulier, the Man-Woman*. Some sixty years later, in 1683, a rare little book came forth, entitled, *Hac et Hic, or the Feminine Gender more worthy than the Masculine, being a Vindication of that ingenious and innocent Sex from the*

biting *Sarcasms* wherewith they are daily aspersed by the virulent *Tongues and Pens of malevolent Men*.

Whether married or single, it is impossible not to feel interested in such titles as the following: *A Caution to Married Couples, about a Man in Nightingale Lane who beat and abused his Wife, and Murdered a Tub-man* (1677); *The Art of Governing a Wife, with Rules for Bachelors* (1746); *Braithwait's Boulster Lecture, or Art thee Asleep, Husband?* (1640); *A Certain Relation of the Hog-Faced Gentlewoman, Mrs Tannakin Skinker, who can never recover her shape till she be married* (1640); *A Discourse concerning having many Children* (1695); *A Relation of several Children and others that prophecy and preach in their Sleep* (1689); *Chickens Feeding Capons, or a Dissertation on the Pertness of our Youth in General, especially such as are trained up at Tea-tables* (1731); *Pap with a Hatchet, or a Fig for my Godson*.

The ancient costume of men and women called forth various singular literary attacks, as we learn from *Bulwer's Man Transformed, or the Ridiculous Beauty, Filthy Finesse, and Loathsome Loveliness of most Nations in altering their Bodies from the Mould intended by Nature* (1650); *Quippes for Upstart Newfangled Gentlewomen, or a Glass to view the Pride of vain-glorious Women, containing a Pleasant Invective against the Fantastical Foreign Toys daily used in Women's Apparell* (1595); *England's Vanity, or the Monstrous Sin of Pride in Dress, Naked Shoulders, and a Hundred other Fooleries* (1683).

The titles of religious works are frequently somewhat droll. A little book of consolation, published in 1630, is entitled, *A Handkerchief for Parents' Wet Eyes upon the Death of Children*. Dr Sibbs published a religious work called *The Bruised Reed and Smoking Flax* (1627), which led to the conversion of the celebrated Baxter. As humorous titles of the same class, we may instance—*The Coalheaver's Cousin rescued from the Bats, and a Reviving Cordial for a Sin-Despairing Soul* (Manchester, 1741); *The Rev. James Murray's Sermons to Asses* (1768), in three volumes; *Os Ossorianum, or a Bone for a Bishop to Pick* (1643); *Primatt's Cursing no Argument of Sincerity* (1746); *A Relation of the Devil's appearing to Thomas Cox, a Hackney Coachman, who lives in Cradle Alley, in Baldwin's Gardens* (1684); *Ka me, and I'll Ka thee* (1649), a dialogue against the impious arrogance of persecuting people who happen to differ from us in matters of faith.

Some titles amuse by being alliterative, as in *A Delicate Diet for Deintie Droonkard's* (1576); *Henry Butt's Diet's Dry Dinner* (1599); *St Austin's Christian Catholic Catechised. Penned for the Private Benefit of the Parish of Little Kimbell, in Buckinghamshire* (1624). Some are agreeably tautological, as in *A Most Learned Speech, in a Most Learned House of Commons, by a Most Learned Lawyer, on a Most Learned Subject* (1722); *The Most Wonderful Wonder that ever appeared to the Wonder of the British Nation, being an Account of the Capture of the Monstrous She-Bear that Nursed the Wild Boy in the Woods of Germany* (1726), a rare and curious poem; *The Egg, or Memoirs of a Right Honourable Puppy, with Anecdotes of a Right Honourable Scoundrel*. Some play upon the same termination of different words, as in *John Taylor's Very Merry Wherry Ferry Voyage* (1622); and in *A Chemical Collection to Express the In-gress, Pro-gress, and E-gress of the Hermetic Science* (1650). Some try to please by antithesis, as in *Sir J. Harrington's New Discourse of a Stale Subject* (1596); *Green's Groats-worth of Wit, bought with a Million of Repentance*.

Rhyming titles are occasionally met with, as in *Thomas Heywood's—*

*Reader, here you'll plainly see  
Judgment perverted by these Three—  
A Priest, a Judge, a Patience* (1641).

A little black-letter volume, without any date, has the following four lines for its title:—

*I praise Pierre, which cannot flatter,  
A Plow-man, when we call;  
My speech is foul, yet mark the matter,  
How things mayhap to fall.*

In 1559 appeared a book entitled, *The Key to Unknown Knowledge, or a Shop of Five Windows,*

*Which if you do open,  
To chapsen and open,  
You will be unwilling,  
For many a shilling,  
To part with the profit  
That you shall have of it.*

Thomas Lupton, in 1587, published

*Too Good to be True,  
Thought so at a view;  
Yet all that I told you  
Is true, I uphold you;  
So cease to ask why,  
For I cannot lie.*

Later still, in 1730, we find this rhyming title—

*The Rival Lap-Dog, and the Tale  
(As ladies' fancies never fail),  
That little rival to the great,  
So odd, indeed, we scarce dare say't.*

In cases where it was thought prudent to conceal the names of the printer and publisher, and the date of certain books, the title-page often exhibited some odd fictitious reference. A scarce little book, entitled *The Earl of Essex's Amours with Queen Elizabeth*, was printed 'at Cologne, for Will-with-the-wisp, at the sign of the Moon in the Ecliptic.' William Goddard published some satires, 'Imprinted at the Antipodes, and are to be bought where they are to be sold.' This sort of concealment is burlesqued by Brathwait in his *Solemn Jovial Disputation on the Laws of Drinking* (1617), which is published at 'Oenozthopolis, at the sign of the Red Eyes' and also in his *Smoking Age, with the Life and Death of Tobacco, dedicated to Captain Whiffe, Captain Pipe, and Captain Snuffe* (1617), printed 'at the sign of Tear-nose.' A little old French work, *Le Moyen de Parvenir*, purports to be 'Imprimé cette Année' (printed this year).

The mottoes on title-pages are often very curious. The following is from a book called *Gentlemen, look about you*:—

*Read this over if you're wise,  
If you're not, then read it twice;  
If a fool, and in the gall  
Of bitterness, read not at all.*

Another from that very delightful old book, *Geffrey Whitney's Emblems* (1586):—

*Peruse with heed, then friendly judge, and blaming rash refrain:  
So maist thou reade unto thy good, and shalt requite my paine.*

The famous and learned Robert Record was very fond of mottoes on his works. His *Pathway to Knowledge* (1551), a treatise on geometry, displays these four lines:—

*All fresh, fine wits by me are fled,  
All gross dull wits with me are led;  
Though no man's wit reject will I,  
Yet as they be, I will them try.*

The title-page of his *Castle of Knowledge* (1556) displays a device of several figures and a castle, on which we read—

*To knowledge is this trophy set,  
All learned friends will it support,  
So shall their name great honour get,  
And gain great fame with good report.*

A good motto, well chosen, and thoroughly applicable, acts as a bright lamp to show the contents within. When Colonel David Stewart was printing his *Sketches of the Character and Manners of the Highlanders of Scotland* (1822), Sir Walter Scott suggested as its most appropriate motto the following lines from Shakespeare:—

*'Tis wonderful  
That an invisible instinct should frame them  
To loyalty unlearned; honour untaught;  
Civility not seen from others; valour  
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop  
As if it had been sowed.*

Ere now, the titles of books have furnished material for the punster. Thus, in a newspaper announcement of the death of Oliver Goldsmith, April 4, 1774, we read, 'Deserted is the Village; the Traveller has laid him down to rest; the Good Natured Man is no more; he Stoops but to Conquer; the Vicar has performed his sad office; it is a mournful office from which the Her-

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will may essay to meet the dread tyrant with more than *Grecian or Roman fortitude.* Better still was the reply of the young lady, when asked if she was at all literary. 'Yes,' said she, 'I am a *Spectator* at church, an *Idler* at school, a *Rambler* at Vauxhall, a *Connoisseur* at the milliner's, an *Adventurer* at the lottery, a *Tattler* at the tea-table, and a *Guardian* to my lap-dog.'

#### OUR FISHERIES.

Of the numerous resources appertaining to this island, the maritime are undoubtedly the least attended to. Indeed no branch of our fisheries is one-half developed—partly from imperfect modes of curing and preparing, but chiefly from the paltry and unskilful manner of capture. The natural supply is unlimited, and without tax or rental: all that is necessary, therefore, is a larger outlay of capital, and the adoption of more skilful modes on the part of the fisherman; for we are certain that the demand would increase twentyfold, were the article only presented at a steady and reasonable price.

To begin with Salmon-fishing. This, though conducted with great labour and assiduity in some of our rivers, is at best a very primitive affair, and thus the salmon is only a delicacy at certain seasons for the tables of the wealthy. We have, as yet, no cheap mode of preserving on a great scale; there is little or nothing done seaward with the drag-net, although this fish be continually traversing between our estuaries; even the legal season of capture is so imperfectly arranged, that some half-dozen bills have been framed, re-framed, and abandoned, since 1840. This is scarcely creditable to a country possessing the finest salmon-grounds in the world; the average annual returns from which, even under their present imperfect management, and the damage done to them by the erection of factories, amounts to more than a quarter of a million.

Again, though a large amount of capital be employed in the Herring-fishery, yet, considering the shoals which throng our seas, and the hungry thousands we have inland, this department is far from receiving that attention which it deserves. Granting that the price should never rise beyond one penny per dozen, nay, that one hundred should be purchased for that sum, there are other uses to which herrings could be profitably applied—even as a manure, so long as other substances are selling for this purpose at from L.10 to L.14 a ton. The boats, nets, and crews of the present day, are vastly superior to those of the last century; but still it is an improvement in point of size merely. The same style of capture is adhered to with all its tediousness and danger; the fisher beats or rows his way seaward, and he toils in the same slow manner back to his station. Three-fourths of his fishing-time is consumed in journeying, and that, too, at the expense of the finest shoals, which were here to-day, but are sixty leagues off by the morrow. Now, by the aid of steam-tugs or cruisers, one-third of the present fishing-time would produce the same amount of fish; while it would enable a much greater number of nets to be carried to sea, and afford greater security to the lives of the fishermen. Besides, it is well known that what is called the *deep-sea-fishery* (that carried on by vessels from thirty to eighty tons, and in which the herrings are pickled and stowed for the time being) is a steadier and more certain source of profit than the *hant-fishery*—partly from meeting in with the earliest and best fish, and partly from the shoals being less fickle in their movements than when closer in-shore. The means which we suggest would embrace these as well as the other advantages alluded to; would afford our own population a more abundant and cheap supply; and would readily double or treble our annual exports. Our exports rarely, if ever, reach 150,000 barrels—a very small demand, compared with that which cheapness and superior curing would create; and the total capture, we believe, has never reached 600,000 barrels—certainly a mere fraction of what our seas can supply, and of what our needy population could consume.

The same remarks apply to the White-fishery (that of cod, ling, and haddock), which is at present not one-tenth developed, and which brings prices so irregular and high, as almost to preclude the consideration of these fish as part of the national food. We have seen on the east coast of Scotland a fleet of sixty sail making seaward for a distance of fifteen or twenty miles, and taking about eighteen hours to the 'run'; while one steamer would have gone over the same distance in a third of the time, carried out more lines, and would not have required one-tenth of the number of hands. A well-equipped fishing-boat requires a complement of six men, and, with her nets, will cost, at an average, from L.60 to L.80; a small steamer, with two or three cables, would do the duty of at least twenty ordinary boats, and that too more regularly and securely. The same may be said of our Shell-fish—such as lobsters, crabs, oysters, cockles—and which exist in vast quantities along the rocky portions of our sea-line. The methods of entrapping, dredging, and otherwise gathering these, are attended with little labour, and in most cases with no outlay of capital. Unless in the case of oysters, none of the other shell-fish are supplied to our markets with regularity; not from want of demand, but because few direct their attention to these matters as a branch of industry. Lobsters, crabs, cockles, &c. will always command a market in our populous towns; and we would therefore urge this on the attention of our fishers and others of the poorer classes, who might obtain an honest livelihood by reaping from the endless supply of shell-fish with which nature has furnished our sea-coasts.

The above is a mere glance at a subject on which volumes might be written with benefit to the country. Our purpose, however, will be obtained, if these observations shall be the means of directing attention to a source of employment and wealth at present so unaccountably neglected—the more so since our railways are opening up a facility of transport, which may be said to place our sea-port and inland towns on an equal footing as regards a fresh and abundant supply of our maritime produce.

#### LIVING IN A HURRY.

Perhaps the most characteristic peculiarity of the social condition of England at present is the unhealthy want of repose. Travelling by railroad is merely typical of the headlong hurry with which all the affairs of life are transacted. In business, men are in a hurry to get rich: they cannot submit to the tedious process of adding one year's patient and legitimate gains to those of its predecessor, but seek by bold speculative combinations, by anticipations of intelligence received through the ordinary channels, to make or mar themselves by one bold stroke. The devotees of pleasure seek, as it were, to multiply their personal presence—not only by rattling to a dozen assemblies of a night, as has been the worshipful practice in London during the gay season for some hundred years, but by shooting in the north of Scotland and yachting in the Channel during the same week, visiting Palestine and the Pyramids during the parliamentary recess, and other feats of celerity. The mechanical wheels revolve with accumulated speed to correspond to the hot haste of those who impel them. The long hours of factory and milliner drudges, the gangs of night and day labourers relieving each other in printing offices and coal-pits—all the unintermitting, eager, 'go-ahead' pressure of society—are but so many symptoms of the excitement which impels men to live in a hurry. It is a paradox only in form to say that we are in such a hurry to live that we do not live at all. Life slips through our fingers unfelt, unenjoyed, in the bustle of preparing to live. A day of business is a day of breathless haste. The duties of the toilet are hurried through; the breakfast is gulped down without being tasted; the newspaper is skimmed with a dim idea of its contents; the place of business is posted to in chariot, cab, or bus; the day is spent in straining to overtake complicated details of business too extensive for the mind's grasp; it costs a race to be in time for dinner, and dinner is curtailed of its fair proportion of time for the debate, or the committee, or the opera, or the evening party, or all of them. Even sleep is got

through impatiently, with frequent startings and consultations of the watch, lest the morning hours be lost. We snore in quicker time than our ancestors snored. And the worst of it is, that men cannot help this railroad fashion of galloping out of life. When such a crowd as now peoples these islands are all running at this headlong speed, you must run with them, or be borne down and run over, and trampled to death by the mass. It is only by joining in the frantic gallop that you can keep your place and save your bones from being broken. Habit becomes so inveterate, that even when thrown out of the vortex, men cannot rest. In the young societies of our colonial empire (and this is not their least recommendation), men might live more leisurely if they chose; but the gigantic bankruptcy of New South Wales shows too clearly that even in our antipodean provinces this foolish effort to accomplish everything at once is epidemic. Our very diseases partake of this contagious haste: the lingering consumption is growing less frequent—the instantaneous apoplexy and ossification of the heart are taking its place. Even the moralists on this universal race for the sake of running, hurry along with the rest, and pant out their reflections as they run.—*Spectator.*

### THE RAILWAY.

A SONG.

TUNE—*King of the Cannibal Islands.*

'Twas on a Monday morning soon,  
As I lay snoring at Dunoon,  
Dreaming of wonders in the moon,  
I nearly lost the Railway.  
So up I got, put on my clothes,  
And felt, as you may well suppose,  
Of sleep I scarce had half a dose,  
Which made my yawns as round as O's;  
No matter, on went hat and coat;  
A cup of coffee, boiling hot,  
I poured like lava down my throat,  
In haste to catch the Railway.  
Racing, chasing to the shore,  
Those who fled from every door,  
There never was such haste before  
To catch the Greenock Railway.

The steam was up, the wind was high,  
A dark cloud scoured across the sky,  
The quarter-deck was scarcely dry  
Of the boat that meets the Railway;  
Yet thick as sheep in market pen,  
Stood all the Sunday-watering men,  
Like cowering lions in a den,  
With faces inches five and ten;  
Some were hurrying to and fro,  
Others were sick, and crying, oh!  
Whose wooden peg's that on my toe?  
In the boat that meets the Railway.  
Rushing, crushing up and down,  
Tipping the cash to Captain B—n;  
O what a hurry to get to town  
Upon the morning Railway.

When arrived at Greenock quay,  
What confusion—only see—  
Each selfish wight so quickly free  
In hopes to catch the Railway.  
High and low, and thick and thin,  
Trying who the race shall win,  
Creaking boots and hob-nailed shins,  
All determined to get in!  
People laughing at the shore;  
Merchants smiling at each door;  
Those running who ne'er ran before,  
And all to catch the Railway!  
Fleet through Greenock's narrow lanes,  
Over mud and dirt and staves,  
Careless of their boots and hanes,  
And all to catch the Railway.

See the rear-guard far behind,  
Out of temper, out of wind,  
Out of patience, out of mind!  
For fear they lose the Railway.  
Last comes old Fatidee with his wife,  
Waging a real hot-mutton strife;  
'Such scenes in Scotland sure are rife;  
It's very hot upon my life!  
'Alack, there'll be no room for us;  
Let's get into the locomotive.'  
'O pray, my dear! don't make a fuss  
If we should lose the Railway.'  
Blowing, glowing all the way,  
Crying upon the train to stay,  
We'll never get to town to-day  
Upon the morning Railway!

Now the crowded station gained,  
Rain be-drenched and mud be-stained,  
Melting-browed and asthma-pained,  
Hurrying to the Railway!  
A boat has just arrived before,  
Which later left a nearer shore,  
And fills a full-sized train and more,  
Which is a most confounded bore;  
But coach to coach are quickly joined—  
Which surely is *surpassing* kind;  
And off we fly as fast as wind  
Upon the Greenock Railway!  
Thus the sports of railway speed  
Nought on earth can now exceed,  
Except my song, which all must read,  
About the Greenock Railway.

The moral of my song I add,  
To make you married ladies glad,  
Who lately were a little sad—  
Before the Greenock Railway.  
So now dispel each moppish frown,  
And don your most attractive gown,  
Your loving husbands can get down,  
In one short fleeting hour from town;  
While vessels waiting at the quay,  
Conduct them swiftly home to tea,  
Or to a drop of barley brew,  
So certain is the Railway!  
Then let us steel a march on time,  
And echo forth this rousing rhyme,  
Which street Rubicks think sublime,  
About the Greenock Railway.

—*Park's Songs for All Seasons.* Glasgow. 1843.

### EXPENSES OF THE LAW.

The case of *Ranger v. the Great Western Railway Company* involved, upon the question of amount, almost as important results as were embraced in the great case of *Small and Attwood*. We are able to lay before our readers some of its statistics. The first bill was 812 folios, the amended bill 1157. The first supplemental suit bill 341 folios, the second supplemental suit bill 525 folios. The first answer 1299 folios, the second 132 folios, the third 212 folios. The documents admitted upwards of 800 folios. The plaintiff's evidence 1865 folios, the defendant's 446 folios. Total of folios upwards of 6736, for which an office-copy charge was made of 10d. per folio, besides voluminous affidavits. Short-hand notes on collateral arguments 220 folios. Observations 30 brief sheets. The total brief embracing these copies for counsel would be nearly 960 brief sheets. Sir William Follet's fee was 300 guineas, and 100 additional, with sundry other fees, making L.500. Mr. Stuart had 220 guineas, and 100 additional; Mr. Richards 22 guineas; Mr. Stevens 150 guineas, and 50 additional. In the early stage of the cause, the counsel had fees as follows:—First counsel 150 guineas, second do. 125 guineas, third do. 80; besides numerous other smaller fees, making a total in counsels' fees alone of nearly L.2000. The vice-chancellor has already ordered the plaintiff to pay a great part of the costs of these matters. The case was five years in progress, and the same solicitors were for the company that were engaged in *Small and Attwood*; namely, Messrs. Swain, Stevens, and Co., Frederick Place, London. The short-hand writers' bills amounted to nearly L.400! Thus it will be seen that going to 'law' is a rather expensive amusement.—*Railway Times.*

### BUTTONS FROM CLAY.

The principle of forming Mosaic tesserae by the pressure of dry powder, has been applied to the manufacture of various kinds of buttons. They are called agate buttons, and are made of Kaolin, or China-clay, brought from the neighbourhood of St Austell, in Cornwall. This kaolin is the same as the celebrated pottery-clay of the Chinese, which is obtained from disintegrated granite. The buttons are pretty and clear in appearance, and very hard. They are manufactured in all shapes and sizes, plain and ornamented; and as compared with the cost of mother-of-pearl, are said to be about one-third the price.

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